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# Providence Independent, V. 10, Thursday, January 1, 1885, [Whole Number: 498]

Providence Independent

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## A LOST LETTER.

Even prim old Mr. Parchment, the lawyer, succumbed to the enervating influence of the tropical weather, and could not resist the temptation of discarding his coat and waistcoat while at work in his private room. To be sure, it was the long vacation, and nearly all of his clients were out of town; but he was constantly apprehensive of being discovered in a state of dishabille, and would not have allowed a client to see him without a necktie for the world.

One particular hot day, when the atmosphere seemed almost suffocating, there came a knock at his door, and as the handle was being turned from the outside, he was startled by the sound of a woman's voice, and the rustle of a silk gown. Could it be possible that a lady was being ushered in by one of his clerks without any previous warning? Mr. Parchment was perfectly aghast at such impropriety, especially considering the very unprofessional state of his attire. It was evident, however, that this was not a false alarm and a moment's hesitation would have been fatal. Fortunately, close at hand was a baize screen concealing a toilet apparatus, and behind this Mr. Parchment rushed with breathless trepidation just as clerk, followed by a lady, entered the apartment.

"Mr. Parchment must have gone out, murmured the clerk, after a pause, apparently greatly relieved, having no doubt realized his indiscretion.

"I thought you said he was within," said the lady sharply.

"He was a moment ago," blundered the clerk.

"Then I will wait here," said the lady, seating herself in the client's chair.

"Perhaps you had better take a seat outside ma'am," suggested the clerk.

"I can remain here," said the lady quietly, as she took up the newspaper.

The clerk lingered a moment, evidently overawed by the lady's manner, and ill at ease in his mind, and, then slowly disappeared, while Mr. Parchment, behind the screen, gnashed his teeth with rage. He altogether failed to realize the ludicrous side of the situation, and was conscious only of mingled discomfort and humiliation. It was out of the question that he should confront the lady in his present state, minus his coat and waistcoat, collarless, and cuffless. The alternative was to remain in his hiding place till the visitor's patience was exhausted, although this involved the risk of detection, which only added to his embarrassment.

To make matters worse, the visitor was the last person in the world he wished to see at any time.

She was the wife of Sir Hector Bannister, a hard drinking baronet, whose family affairs Mr. Parchment had managed for years. Unfortunately proceedings for a separation and even for a divorce, were pending between Sir Hector and Lady Bannister, and the lawyer had to bear the brunt of the unpleasantness. Matrimonial controversy was a branch of his business which Mr. Parchment particularly disliked, being a highly respectable, straight-laced old practitioner, and he had neither tact nor confidence in dealing with female clients. He had been worried to death over the unhappy affair already, and feeling no respect for either of the parties, he would have been delighted to wash his hands of it. He particularly dreaded tete-a-tete interviews with Lady Bannister, for she was a violent-tempered woman of vulgar origin, and Mr. Parchment found it necessary to stand very much on his dignity with her. This made it all the more impossible for him to present himself looking as though he were stripped for a bout of fisticuffs, and his natural primness and old bachelor modesty caused him to feel more nervous and embarrassed every moment.

After a short pause, Lady Bannister threw aside the newspaper impatiently and arose to her feet. Mr. Parchment shuddered at the action, for if she should stroll up to the window, he would inevitably be discovered. To his great relief, however, Lady Bannister walked toward the fire-place, no doubt to arrange her bonnet strings before the looking-glass over the mantel shelf. But, ere the lawyer had recovered from his first fright, he was seized with a fresh paroxysm of dismay as he remembered that upon his desk there lay open a letter he had received that morning from the lady's husband. Lady

Bannister could hardly fail to perceive it if she cast her eyes in that direction and she would then learn that Mr. Parchment had received such particular instruction to conceal from her—namely, her husband's present address. Sir Hector and Lady Bannister were engaged in a perpetual game of hide and seek, the baronet desiring to keep out of his wife's way at all hazards, and she being equally intent on unearthing him. Mr. Parchment felt it to be his duty to aid the baronet in this respect, the original terms of their separation being that the husband was not under any circumstances, to be molested, and the lawyer's attitude on this point was an endless cause of unpleasantness between him and the lady.

Mr. Parchment was so startled at the idea of Lady Bannister seeing her husband's letter, that he very nearly rushed out from the screen; but, while he was endeavoring to screw up his courage to interfere, the lady suddenly walked toward the door. The lawyer heard her deliver a curt message to the clerks in the outer office, requesting them to tell their master she called, and before he could realize the fact she was gone.

The lawyer waited until Lady Bannister had time to reach the street, and then emerging from his hiding place, he summoned the indiscreet clerk in a furious rage and rated him soundly. While giving vent to his outraged dignity, Mr. Parchment was making hay of the papers on his desk in an agitated manner in search of the baronet's letter. He felt a trifle reassured at first upon finding that the document had not been lying conspicuously upon the table. But, upon failing to come across it, the idea suddenly occurred to him that Lady Bannister had carried it off bodily, and when he remembered her abrupt departure his suspicions seemed confirmed.

"Confound her! She must have it, sure enough," he growled throwing himself into his chair with an air of profound vexation. "There is nothing in it, however—that is one comfort. It was only to give me his new address. Well, it can't be helped. All I can do is to send a wire to warn him."

Mr. Parchment mechanically took up a telegraph form as he spoke and seized his pen. The next moment he was confronted by a fresh difficulty. The letter having disappeared, he did not know where to telegraph to. In vain he racked his brains to endeavor to recall the address. The fact was he had barely glanced at it, and a moment's reflection convinced him that for all he remembered the baronet might be located in any part of the kingdom. As ill luck would have it the envelope also disappeared.

The lawyer felt doubly vexed with himself for what had occurred, now that it appeared he was unable to put his client on his guard.

It was not that he cared having subjected the baronet to the inconvenience of an interview with his wife, for though Sir Hector's father had been a much-respected client of Mr. Parchment felt comparatively indifferent to the son's good opinion. But he was an extremely conscientious old gentleman, and could not acquit himself of having betrayed, though involuntarily, the confidence of a client. It was this disquieting thought which finally induced him, after deliberation, to return Lady Bannister's call, in the hope at all events, of succeeding in obtaining from her the baronet's address. That he could prevent her of going in search of her husband if she were so minded did not seem the least probable. But he might, at all events, place himself in a position to warn Sir Hector of the pleasure in store for him.

Accordingly, Mr. Parchment resumed his ordinary professional appearance and drove straight to Lady Bannister's hotel. Lady Bannister always lived at hotels, and this was another bone of contention between her and the lawyer, the latter having constantly to find fault with her extravagance while representing her husband in the capacity of paymaster. On this occasion, however, it suited Mr. Parchment to appear as cordial as possible, and he even went so far as to express admiration at the rare exotics with which the room was profusely decorated.

"I am glad you admire them, as I am just about to send the bill into you," said Lady Bannister, who never attempted to conceal her aversion for the lawyer.

"You called upon me just now," returned Mr. Parchment, ignoring the flower bill.

"Yes, you were out," said Lady Bannister, tritely.

"I happened to be passing, so I thought I would look in," said Mr. Parchment, nervously.

"You are very attentive all of a sudden," said Lady Bannister, with undisguised irony. "You have brought your check-book with you, of course?"

"I shall be writing to sir Hector, and I thought if you have anything important to communicate—"

"Thank you," interrupted Lady Bannister, abruptly; "I can make any communication I wish to make to my husband without your intervention."

Mr. Parchment thought he perfectly understood this remark, and coughed uneasily behind his hand.

"Had you any special reasons for calling upon me this morning?" he inquired, quite at a loss how to proceed.

"I called to inquire," said Lady Bannister, steadying her voice and speaking with unusual earnestness, "if there is any prospect of an alteration in Sir Hector's conduct toward me. Am I still to remain the despised and neglected wife that I have been for years past?"

The lady paused abruptly, as though her speech was checked by suppressed emotion. Mr. Parchment shrugged his shoulders and resigned himself to listen to the lady's recital of her wrongs and as he had often done before. His demeanor appeared to irritate Lady Bannister, for she proceeded with great volubility to utter sweeping denunciations of her husband's behavior, and was not particular about hurting the feelings of his legal adviser.

When she had finished, Mr. Parchment said dryly: "I was not aware of any change in Sir Hector's domestic arrangements."

"Very well! Remember that answer when you next hear news concerning me."

The lawyer glanced involuntarily at Lady Bannister as she uttered these words. She was a handsome woman, still under thirty, with dark eyes and a resolute chin. She met his gaze almost defiantly, and he noticed that her lips were firmly clenched. The look upon her face, in connection with her words, made him feel vaguely uneasy, and recalled to his mind that the immediate object of his visit was to seek the means of putting Sir Hector on his guard against being surprised by his wife.

"Are you going a journey?" he hazarded, taking up his hat and pointing with his stick to a bundle of traveling wraps which reposed upon a chair.

"Yes, Mr. Parchment, I am going on a journey," answered Lady Bannister still speaking in the hard defiant tone which appeared significant to the lawyer.

Mr. Parchment confessed to himself that he was no match for Lady Bannister at the best of times, and to-day she seemed more than usually unapproachable. He therefore, rather hastily took his departure, without venturing to even allude to the letter, or to Sir Hector's address, but he was, nevertheless, more than ever impressed with the necessity of communication with the baronet.

"It's my belief she should murder him as soon as look at him," he thought to himself, as he took his seat in the cab again, after telling the man to drive to Sir Hector's club. "If anything happened I should never forgive myself. She is just the sort of a woman to blow a man's brains out. I positively must find out that address somehow."

He was unable to obtain the information at either of the clubs Sir Hector belonged to, and being at his wits' end to know what to do, he finally resolved in desperation, to consult an ex-detective and private inquiry agent named Gimblett, of whose energy and tact he had the highest opinion.

The astute individual rather scoffed at Mr. Parchment's fears, but undertook to watch Lady Bannister's movements for the next few days and report to the lawyer in case of anything suspicious occurring. Meanwhile Mr. Parchment hoped he would succeed in discovering the missing address, so as to avert any awkward consequences resulting from his remissness.

Greatly relieved by these precautions Mr. Parchment returned to his office and resumed his day's work with tolerable equanimity. He felt comparatively free from apprehension now that Mr. Gimblett had the matter in hand, and, indeed, he was somewhat inclined to smile at his former uneasiness. But

almost before he had time to dismiss the incident from his mind, Mr. Gimblett called and sent word that his business was urgent.

"Well," inquired Mr. Parchment, with reviving anxiety, as the detective entered in obedience to his summons.

"I was only just in time sir," replied Mr. Gimblett, glancing at his natty figure in the glass, and running his fingers through his neatly brushed hair. "When I arrived at the hotel the cab was driving off."

"You followed, I suppose?" said the lawyer.

"Yes, sir, I followed of course. The lady took a ticket for Southampton," said Mr. Gimblett.

"Southampton," repeated Mr. Parchment, casting his mind back to the baronet's letter. "I—I don't remember but I think if Sir Hector had written from there the address is so familiar I should have remembered it."

"I thought you would probably recollect whether it was Southampton or not, sir, until I knew it hardly seemed worth while making a journey there," said Mr. Gimblett, quietly.

"Oh, I can't be certain. It might have been there, at all events. If Lady Bannister should surprise her husband—"

"She won't sir," said Mr. Gimblett, interrupting the lawyer, who manifested uneasiness; "I took care of that. I tipped a guard who is a pal of mine, and he put the lady into the wrong train. She went by the Exeter express and can't anyway reach Southampton to-night, even if she discovers her mistake and changes at the first stopping place."

Mr. Parchment did not know whether to smile or to frown at Mr. Gimblett's summary expedient for gaining time for reflection. He was inclined to feel remorseful for the trick that had been played on Lady Bannister, but the detective was evidently a hardened sinner for he related the incident as coolly as though it had been a perfectly natural occurrence.

"I'm at your disposal, sir," he added as Mr. Parchment remained silent. "If you have any doubt I will go down to Southampton, and, should Sir Hector be in the neighborhood, he shall be warned."

"Well, I really don't know what to say," said the lawyer, fingering his blotting pad reflectively; and half unconsciously he drew from between the leaves a letter the end of which had slightly protruded. "Bless my soul he exclaimed, suddenly turning as red as a turkey cock, and staring at the piece of paper as though it had been bewitched.

"The letter, I suppose, sir," said Mr. Gimblett, quietly.

"Yes; and the address isn't Southampton, or anywhere near it," cried Mr. Parchment, looking the picture of discomfiture.

"Well, sir; there is no harm done, anyway," said Mr. Gimblett, reassuringly, after an awkward pause. "I will say good-day, sir."

The detective took his departure, leaving Mr. Parchment aghast at his own stupidity, and decidedly conscience-stricken with reference to Lady Bannister. It was so eminently satisfactory, however, to find that, after all, he had betrayed no professional confidence that he easily forgave himself for his oversight. For the rest, when Mr. Parchment came to think over the whole affair from the beginning to the end, while enjoying his wine after dinner, he chuckled heartily; and began to reflect how he could tell the story as having happened to somebody else, at his next dinner party.

The following morning, by a strong coincidence, his first visitor at the office was Sir Hector himself. The baronet looked preternaturally solemn, and was particularly careful to close the door behind him.

"A very painful thing has happened, Mr. Parchment," he said, when they had exchanged greetings. "My lady has bolted."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Parchment, with uncomfortable forebodings. "Yes. She went yesterday evening to Southampton, on the invitation of that scoundrel Holgate, and they had no doubt sailed off in his yacht by this time. She made no secret of her intention, and told her maid. That settles the matter, Parchment, and we must apply for a divorce at once," said Sir Hector, displaying considerable more excitement than tender emotion.

"I think you have been misinformed," remarked the lawyer, smiling.

"My man had a telegram from Lady Bannister's maid yesterday evening," said the baronet, reddening as he spoke.

"Indeed," said the lawyer, raising his eyebrows, and looking his client in the face. "I was unaware that you had caused your wife to be spied upon. You may recollect that I said I would have nothing to do with that sort of thing."

"I suppose I can do as I please," blustered Sir Hector.

"However," continued the lawyer, ignoring the other's tone, "I am glad to inform you that there is yet time to save your wife from disgracing your name. Lady Bannister did not go to Southampton last night, so by traveling down there by the next train you may possibly arrive in time."

What for? Do you think that I would be such a fool as to stop her?" said the baronet with a coarse laugh. "Besides I tell you she did go to Southampton last night, and Holgate's yacht sailed early this morning."

"Then Lady Bannister was not on board her," returned the lawyer, almost exultingly, and he proceeded to give a hurried account of the events of the preceding day.

"Why, you've been and spoilt everything!" roared Sir Hector, after digesting the lawyer's story, with a countenance full of dismay.

"Is it possible, Sir Hector," began Mr. Parchment, in a tone of indignant amazement; "is it possible that you have tacitly connived at the intended elopement of your wife?"

"Confound you, sir, don't lecture me!" interrupted the baronet in a furious rage. "If Lady Bannister had gone off with Holgate it would have been a devilish good thing for all parties."

"You must pardon me, Sir Hector," said the lawyer, with his loftiest air, "for saying that after that remark I can no longer continue to act for you."

"Oh! very well," returned the baronet, looking a little shamefaced. Of course what has passed between us was in strict confidence."

Mr. Parchment did not deign to reply to this, and Sir Hector departed without vouchsafing a farewell salutation. The lawyer was a good deal upset by the scene, and, for awhile, was too much agitated to reflect calmly upon the interview.

"Well, I am glad it has come to this after all," he murmured, after a pause. "I was bound to quarrel with him sooner or later. All the same," he added, as he passed his handkerchief across his heated brow, "there is no doubt I've made a fool of myself over this business. I suppose it must be the weather."

## Force of Habit.

Burke relates that for a long time he had been under the necessity of frequenting a certain place every day and that, so far from finding a pleasure in it, he was affected with disgust; and yet, if by any means he passed by the usual time of going thither, he felt very uneasy, and was not quieted until he was in his usual track. Persons who use snuff soon develop the sensibility of smell, so that a pinch is taken unconsciously and without any sensation being excited thereby, sharp though the stimulus may be. After a series of years, winding up a watch at a certain hour, it becomes so much a routine as to be done in utter unconsciousness; meanwhile the mind and body are engaged in something entirely different. An old man is reported to have scolded his maid-servant very severely for not having placed his glass in the proper position for shaving. "Why, sir," replied the girl, "I have omitted it for months, and thought you could shave just as well without it."

## Didn't Keep It.

"Well, Mr. Slickers," said the doctor, to a patient he had not seen the day before, "how are you getting along?" "Nearly starved to death."

"Why, didn't you have oysters?"

"No, I couldn't get them the way you said, and I was afraid it would be dangerous to eat them any other way."

"Why that's odd. Couldn't get stewed oysters?" I told you you could eat stewed oysters with impunity."

"That's just it. I could get the stewed oysters easy enough, but I sent to all the restaurants in the neighborhood for the impunity, and the blazed fools said they never had such a thing on the bill of fare."

## The Men's Rights Society.

The organization of the Boston "Men's Rights Society" is the first step toward the emancipation of man. For generations a false public sentiment has deprived men of skirts and compelled them to wear that badge of servitude, trousers. So long as men can be made to wear trousers they will continue to be the abject sex. The physical deterioration of civilized man, which has been bewailed by all thoughtful persons and attributed to a variety of causes not one of which has really had anything to do with the matter, is the result of wearing trousers. If man is to rival the robust British matron of the sinewy New-England schoolmistress he must be permitted to wear skirts, and the Boston "Men's Rights Society" is formed to begin an agitation in behalf of man's emancipation from trousers, the triumph of which, though it may be long delayed, is morally certain.

Trousers are entirely incompatible with health. They afford the male legs no adequate protection from the elements. A woman when driving in a carriage on a cold day, can fold her skirts about her in a way to greatly increase the warmth of her person, but man has no way of folding his trousers so as to increase their protective powers. In rainy weather, a man's water-proof coat and umbrella afford him no protection below the knees. The rain drives against the lower part of his trousers and renders them thoroughly wet, and, as they fit closely to his person, wet trousers naturally chill the wearer. The result, especially when a man is compelled to wear wet trousers for several hours is frequently illness of a more or less serious character.

A woman on the contrary, finds her skirts an admirable protection against rain. She wears three or four skirts at the same time, and, owing to the fenders in the shape of "dress improvers" and other like devices which she wears under her skirts, the latter do not habitually touch her ankles. Thus the wetting of one or two skirts does not produce any sensation of dampness in the region of the stockings, and the wearer is not subjected to the danger of taking cold. Moreover, a woman whose outer skirts are damp can always turn them up and dry them with the aid of a grate fire, a process which cannot be applied to trousers. If our women would only try to walk in wet weather with no protection for their ankles except ordinary trousers, they would wonder how men have ever been willing to wear such useless and dangerous garments.

In muddy weather trousers become not only dangerous to health but revolting to persons with any decency. The mud not only sprinkles the exterior of the trousers, but it plasters the interior of them to the height of at least three inches from the top of the leg. A woman in muddy weather can lift up her skirts and keep them out of the mud, but no man can lift up his trousers. The only thing he can do is to turn up the bottoms of them—a practice which not only gives a well-dressed man the appearance of a tramp at least below the knees, but which converts the bottoms of trouser legs into reservoirs for the accumulation of mud and water. One has but to contrast the appearance of a woman walking briskly over a muddy pavement, with her skirts gracefully held up out of the mud by one hand, and that of a man stolidly striding along with his trousers from the knees downward, spattered and splashed with mud, and his stockings—could they be seen—even a worse plight. It is no wonder that our young men are feeble, thin-legged and narrow-chested. The wonder is that the fatal trousers has not long since extirpated the race.

Aside from considerations of health, man is handicapped in the race of life by his trousers. How many things does a man drop and lose in the course of a year in consequence of the fact that he has no lap in which to hold them. A woman, by spreading out her skirts, can give herself a lap capacity of fully two bushels, but a man cannot hold a single grain of corn in his lap. The trousers, although they may be provided with three or four pockets, have very little carrying capacity, since there is very little room between the inner surface of the trousers and the outer surface of the wearer; whereas a woman's pocket is of almost unlimited capacity, and in some cases—as Custom House search-

ers can testify—has been known to contain articles sufficient in quantity to fill a large-sized Saratoga trunk. Were man to wear skirts he could carry a week's change of clothing and toilet articles in his pocket, and make a trip to Washington or Chicago with absolutely nothing in his hands; whereas in consequence of wearing trousers he cannot leave home for a single night without loading himself down with a bag.

Women have hitherto monopolized skirts from purely selfish motives, but they cannot forever deprive men of them. If we are to be healthy, and in a condition to fight the battle of life untrammelled, we must cast trousers to the winds and put on skirts.

## A New Year's Wish.

At midnight on New Year's Eve an old man stood at the window, and with eyes full of despondency looked up to an immovable, everblooming heaven, and out upon the still, pure, white earth, upon which no one was so unhappy, so sleepless as he. His grave was near him, covered with the snow of age, no longer the green mantle of youth, and he brought out of his whole long life nought but erring, sinfulness and sickness, a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, an old age of sorrow, pain and repentance.

The sweet days of his youth come before him to-night as apparitions and carry him back again to that morning when his father set him upon the perilous highway of life, the eclipse of virtue, on whose right lay the quiet land of light and harvest, blessed by the angels; on the left the mole-tracks of vice and crime led to the dark pit of dripping poison, darting serpents and black, stifling vapors.

Ah! the serpents hung at his breast, the poison-drops were on his tongue ere he knew where he was.

Senseless, and with his unutterable grief, he called to heaven. "Give me my youth again! Oh, father! set me again on life's road that I may choose the proper course!"

But his father and his youth were long passed from him. He saw the will-o'-the-wisps dancing and sinking in the God's-acre, and cried: "They are my misspent days!" He saw a star fall from the heavens, and his bleeding heart murmured: "It is I!" And the serpents' teeth sank deeper into the wounds they had made.

In his wild imagination he saw himself flying through the night air, over the roofs of the houses; an old windmill raised its long, gaunt arms as though to strike him down; a shroud in the deserted dead-house took to itself form and shape.

In the midst of the conflict came suddenly the sound of New-Year's music from a turret, like distant church-song, and he was gently moved. He glanced around the horizon and over the wide earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, of those who were better and happier than he—teachers among men, fathers of happy children, blessed people—and he said, fervently: "Oh, I could, too like you, slumber with dry eyes if I had but wanted to! Ah! I could be happy, happy, dearest parents, had I heeded your New-Year's wishes and advice!"

Again, in his feverish longing for the return of youth, came the vision of the shroud in the dead-house. He saw the spirit of the new year enter it, and in his superstition saw it take his form, a child.

He could see no more. He covered his eyes and the hot tears flowed. He groaned softly, disconsolately: "Return again, oh, my youth, return again!"

And youth came to him again, for that night he had a wonderful dream. He was still a child; but his erring had been no dream and he thanked God that he was not yet too old to re-enter the ecliptic and choose the road that leads to the Land of Harvest.

We have just passed through the season of the year when the man who sat down on a saucer of cooling preserves impulsively remarked: "Jam the jam stuff to jelly!" or words to that effect.

When a young man courts and marries a nice, mild-speaking and modest girl who, after marriage turns out to be a cross and ugly-tempered wife, it's something like fishing for bass and catching a toadfish.



Providence Independent.  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.  
COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.  
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor  
Thursday, January 1, 1885.

GOOD-BYE 1884; good-bye. And while you quietly rest on the bosom of oblivion may the results of your good deeds foster green memories in the hearts of mankind. Welcome, thrice welcome 1885.

BEECHER has taken the trouble to explain to his congregation his recent political course which seems to have caused considerable dissatisfaction in Plymouth Church.

TWENTY-TWO applications for divorce have been made in Lawrence county, this State, in 1884. With a population of only 33,000 Lawrence is certainly ahead of every county in the State with its catalogue of unhappy marriages.

PETITIONS asking the Legislature of Pennsylvania to submit to the voters an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale within the Commonwealth of alcoholic liquors to be used as a beverage, have been sent out by the Constitutional Amendment Association of Pennsylvania.

THE latest details of the recent Spanish earthquake indicate that the disaster was much more widespread and fatal than at first believed. The list of lives lost has increased to upwards of two thousand and as there is reason to believe that it is not yet complete. In the districts where the greatest disturbances occurred the people are greatly alarmed.

SENATOR BECK says that the policy of the Democrats this Winter in both houses of Congress will be simply to pass the necessary appropriation bills, and leave all general legislation in regard to other matters to wait until after the inauguration of President Cleveland. The bank question, the silver question, the tariff question, and a variety of other important questions will, under this policy, be postponed until the meeting of the next Congress.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL, the Philadelphia statesman of Democratic faith, is traveling through portions of the South and making speeches to the people. He desires information concerning the commercial wants of the South. His receptions by the people in that section have thus far been conspicuously warm, in spite of Harry Watterson of the Louisville Courier Journal, who has been kicking like an untamed steer against Randall's visit.

THE OLD AND NEW.  
We copy the following excellent and timely thoughts from the New York Independent, and we trust every reader of this paper will mentally digest them.  
"True, the old has gone to the dead past; but the new is here, and it is bright and full of hope. We must not live solely in memory. The demands of the present, the approaching future must fill our thoughts. Poised a moment on this Pisgah top we sweep the valley of the past; but our gaze must be fixed before us. The dead year has its lessons for us; but we are not to mourn its departure. Nor are we to dwell in the far future. Life to the individual is sad and a mystery when we measure time by centuries. Generations are lost in a flood of years; the individual in the race. Yet life is not gloomy unless we choose it to be so; it is not barren; it is not purposeless if we look to the moments of the ever-present, and not to the centuries. Why should the Brook be sad because it is by and by to lose itself in the Ocean? Rather let it improve and enjoy the present. Its purring waters may give life and music all along its way; and to cause joy in others is to have joy in one's self. If it should have a moment of regret, it might be that it lazily lingered in that hollow where it deemed it easier to rest than to flow and thus made itself stagnant and noisome. For the future, where the way is most difficult and stony, there its music will be sweetest and its waters clearest. It is the blind and the foolish who sees nothing of past mistakes and failures, makes no resolve for the future, and merely breathes out his allotted days. Of all men he is most miserable, because most purposeless and useless. It is perhaps but a touch here and there that the wisest and most diligent can give to his character in a twelve-month. It may be that only one or two ugly features can be softened; but it is by slow and careful processes that the divine in marble is made to appear; and the rounded outlines of the most beautiful and use-

ful lives are formed in this way. The artist in character must study his work carefully, in order to develop the symmetry without which there is no perfection."

GENERAL GRANT is in financial straits. W. H. Vanderbilt is about to put in execution a judgement for \$160,000, the amount loaned to Grant just prior to the failure of Grant & Ward. All the real estate and personal property, the latter including valuable relics, medals, gifts, etc., belonging to the ex-President have been levied upon. An effort is being made by personal friends to raise a sufficient amount of money to cover the judgement. Grant's annuity fund, the interest of \$250,000, raised by Geo. Jones, of the N. Y. Times, several years ago, cannot be disturbed by creditors.

THE death of Benjamin C. Krause, Director of the Poor elect, will be likely to create an interesting question. The law in reference to filling vacancies in the office of Director of the Poor, reads: "In case of any vacancy by death, resignation, or otherwise, of any of the said directors, the Court of Quarter Sessions of the respective county shall fill such vacancy until the next general election." But, not being a member in fact of the Board of Directors, will Mr. Krause's death cause a vacancy in the Board in the sense implied by the law? Next Monday is the time designated for the reorganization of the Board of Directors of the Poor, but can there be a re-organization in the absence of the newly-elected member? We will know more about it in the near future. Wait until the average Norristown lawyer is heard from.

THE North Wales Record proceeds, with unstinted eagerness, to advise the five members of the House of Representatives from this county to cast their influence and votes against the re-election of Senator Cameron. In case they fail to do so, the Record thinks, a very large proportion of their constituents will be greatly dissatisfied. We might give Brother Johnson several practical points on this question, but his experience with politicians and mankind in general ought to be sufficient to convince him that his recent dissertations on the Senatorial question are little more than light and airy platitudes. The majority of the Republicans of the Legislature are for Cameron first, last and all the time, and four of the five members from this county are in the same boat—not deck passengers, either. Last fall was the proper time to fight Cameron, but then Cameron was struggling in behalf of Blaine, and while the boys were yelling for Blaine Cameron's candidates were nominated and elected. That's it and you can't get away from facts and figures.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.

PEOPLE ENCAPSED IN THE OPEN AIR AND LIVING IN CARRIAGES—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

MADRID, December 28.—Official reports show that 266 persons were killed in the provinces of Malaga and Grenada by the recent earthquake. The population of Granada are still encamped in the squares and the richer classes are lodging in carriages along the promenade. The facade of the Cathedral was seriously damaged by the shock. Many houses were destroyed in Jimena and a whole family was killed in the village of Cajar by the falling of a chimney. Over half of the inhabitants of Albulai were killed. Alhama is mostly in ruins. The province of Malaga suffered equally as much damage as did Granada. Commerce is paralyzed. Two hundred houses at Alfaratejo were damaged. The panic is subsiding. The shock was not felt in the northern northwest provinces. The government has granted \$5,000 from the national calamity fund for the relief of the sufferers in the province of Granada.

Along the whole line of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which cross the province of Andalusia from east to west and form the southern sea-facing barrier of Spain, and among the foothills of the mountain chain, every town and village felt the shock. So far as heard from, over fifty towns and villages have been violently shaken and left wholly or partly in ruins by the long-sustained earth rocking. Velez Malaga, a town of 15,000 souls, about fourteen miles to the northwest of Malaga, was left in ruins at the end of fifty seconds. Two convents were shaken down and the ruins of the Moorish castle which dominates the place were seamed and split by the succession of shocks. Almost every house in the place has fallen or exhibits great cracks and fissures in its walls. The loss of life has been fearful. A survivor who reached Malaga last evening says that the shock came without any warning. The earth seemed to rise up a foot and sink and rise again. He was on the Plaza at the time and was knocked to the ground. The crash of the falling buildings followed almost instantly upon the indescribable rumbling in the bowels of the earth. He saw one spire topple over, the bells in it ringing as they rocked to and fro before falling with the tower.

The cries of the people could scarcely be heard amid the din. It seemed at first to him that a vast body of steam had arisen from the earth and then that

a dense cloud had suddenly come down from the heavens, but it proved to be a dense cloud of dry dust that had arisen like smoke above the toppled and fallen houses. He lay as he fell for some moments, until the noise ceased and the dust blew off or settled. Then the horrible extent of disaster met his eye. Shrieks and groans came from the fallen buildings. A crowd had rapidly gathered on the Plaza and acted most extravagantly. Men, women and children screamed aloud to heaven on their knees, kissing crucifixes or scapulars, or else tore their hair and called on their fathers, mothers or relatives. One woman went staring mad and danced until she fell fainting. In about an hour some of the authorities appeared and the search for the dead and wounded began. It was continued as fast as volunteers could be secured, but this was not easy, as slight shocks were felt at intervals and each time the earth trembled the workers would throw down their implements and run. At night the houses were deserted and the people camped around bonfires up the steep slopes of the mountains that look down on the town. It was reported that the river Velez, on which the town was built, had been deflected from its course above the town. It is certain that during the shock the water several times rose and fell, straining the few vessels at anchor in the roadstead. The story of Velez Malaga is that of a score of other places.

A Wild Woman Found.

A MYSTERY THAT HAS DISTURBED A NEIGHBORHOOD MADE CLEAR.

WOMELSDORF, December 29.—For several months the citizens of this village (situated near the foot of the South Mountain, a range of the Alleghenies) have been disturbed by the most unearthly yells coming from the hills. It was generally supposed that they emanated from some strange animal, which had taken refuge in the rocks. Mr. Griesemer, of the Bethany Orphans' Home, a Reformed Church institution at the foot of the mountain, several times heard the screams. Franklin Katterman, Jacob Matthews and Theodore Startz, all old hunters, followed up a trail for several hours, but were finally obliged to give up, as they were led far up into the mountain fastnesses. Stones and huge rocks were rolled down the hill in their path, and they were obliged to dodge these missiles every now and then.

Theodore Startz says he saw a living thing, half human, half beast. He stood still, the blood chilling in his veins. He had his gun with him, but he dared not shoot. He next started on a run, and to use his own words "flew down the hill and did not stop until he got home, not taking time to look whether the beast was following him or not. A party of employees at the Robesonian furnace shot at the beast, but missed it. It is reliably stated that the managers of the furnace offered \$200 for the animal alive and \$100 for its dead body. For some weeks every person has given the mountain a wide berth. Several farmers also lost sheep and chickens.

To-day the mystery was cleared up. A party of Womelsdorf hunters scoured the mountain. They found human footprints in the snow, which they tracked to a rude hut—a charcoal-burner's deserted cabin. Here they found a young woman, probably twenty-five years of age. She was thinly dressed, her surroundings were uncouth and she appeared much frightened. She has a wild and haggard look and who she is no one knows. She will probably be removed to the Poorhouse. She threw stones down the mountain and yelled to scare the people away. She is of muscular build and many think she has been following this kind of life for years, judging by her general appearance. She has shown the strength of an Amazon and the people have decided to let her alone until the authorities take her in charge.

Forty-Eight Christmases in Bed.

THE SUFFERING OF A WOMAN WHO INJURED HER SPINE IN THE VAN BUREN CAMPAIGN.

LANCASTER, December 26.—Almost a half century of suffering has imprinted sweetness and resignation in the face of a saintly-looking woman to whom the Christmas chimes on Thursday morning brought memories of this day forty-eight years ago, when she was last able to join in the merry festivities. Miss Elizabeth McAnaney, who lives in the household of James Coyle, on West Vine street, has long been the victim of an incurable affection of the spine. She says: "On Christmas day I was just forty-eight years since I last went to church, and only a few months less since I arose from my bed." In the Presidential campaign of 1836 Patrick McAnaney owned a fertile farm in Leacock township, this county. He had been a staunch adherent of Old Hickory, and looked upon Martin Van Buren as his idol's legitimate successor in the Presidency. He exerted himself to roll up a big vote for Little Van at the Leacock poll, and to that end invited the voters far and near to apple-butter boiling at his home. The barrels of cider were placed in position. Patrick's sixteen-year-old daughter Elizabeth saw that one of them was not quite high enough. She stooped and partly raised the barrel herself while her mother rearranged the planks. As the girl straightened herself, "the pain," she says, "flew into my back." Her spine was affected—not seriously, it was thought at the time; but in the following September she took to her bed, and from that day to this has never risen from it unaided. She is absolutely powerless to get up, and when it is necessary to have her out of bed she is lifted.

Miss McAnaney's sufferings never desert her, but she bears them with the greatest fortitude. Mrs. James Coyle, who has attended upon the unfortunate woman these many years,

says that "she suffers pain from head to foot every day; but she is very patient, never murmuring, and I think there never was any other one to suffer so much and complain so little." Years ago Miss McAnaney spent much of her time in reading, but now her strength is too far gone to admit even of that. She loves to hear the bells of St. Mary's, and much of the little pleasure she extracts from life is due to living adjacent to the Catholic Church, of which she is a member, where she can hear the music of its choir, the tolling of its bells and the troops of happy children daily playing about the doors of its parochial school, whose building stands on the site of the old stone structure wherein she last worshiped, as happy and light-hearted as they, just forty-eight years ago on Christmas morning.

It is thirty years since Patrick McAnaney sold his farm and removed his family—consisting of wife, one son and four daughters—to this city. All, with the exception of Elizabeth, were strong and sturdy, and it was little thought that the bed-fast and incurable invalid would survive them; yet father, mother, brother and three sisters have all passed away, and she alone remains of that happy family, who, almost a half century ago, so busily bustled about in preparation of a Van Buren apple-butter boiling.

Interesting Paragraphs.

An immense chain has just been made at Newburyport, Mass. It is 200 feet long and weighs 7200 pounds. It is made of two and one-third inch iron, and each link weighs twenty-five pounds.

"Mike, I think Tammany has lost its stinrh in the last election." "Lose it stinrh, is it? Begob, ye wouldn't think that av ye got the welt in the eye they gave me for tryin' to vote twice for Grace."

Cannon Point, Ga., claims the honor of having the only olive grove in the United States whose fruit is used for the manufacture of oil. It contains 160 bearing trees, which were planted over 100 years ago. The grove yielded 200 gallons of oil this year.

There was once a man being married and the minister made a very long prayer. When he concluded the groom whispered in his ear: "This may be an anxious, but it is not a protracted, meeting."

The Campbellite Church, the denomination to which Mr. Garfield belonged, has purchased 18,000 acres of land at \$1.75 per acre, and taken up 20,000 acres additional near Redding, Shasta Co., Cal., on which they intend to found a colony. The Campbellites of St. Louis are the prime movers in the enterprise.

A fatal truth spoken in jest was that of a farmer's man in Delaware county, N. Y., who, a few days ago, was drowned while trying to ford the river near that place. He was driving a team, and instead of crossing at the usual place attempted to ford the river one-eighth of a mile lower down. Before starting out he said, in a joking way: "I guess I will be drowned to-day." The team swam ashore.

The claim is made for Ludwigsburg, Germany, of having produced for the cathedral at Riga Russia, the largest organ ever constructed. There are in it 7,000 pipes, and 124 stops, with pedals, &c., proportionately numerous. The organ is sixty-five feet high and the largest pipe being thirty-two feet long and the smallest half an inch. The instrument is described as having a very complete "swell" arrangement, allowing the increase and diminution of sound to be effected with peculiar perfection.

Bela Lockwood has enlisted in the cause of temperance. She would have license fees so high that few rum-sellers could pay them, and her device for getting evidence against illegal dealers is to pass a law compelling drinkers to testify whenever called upon to do so.

There are 80,000 widows in India from three to five years of age who will never again be married. In that country as soon as a child is born a match is made by the parents. If the boy dies the girl becomes a widow, and must wear mourning for her intended as long as she lives.

The greatest miser in Indiana put his savings into life insurance policies, and denied himself all luxuries and most comforts in order to pay the premiums, though his heirs were distant relatives, for whom he seemed to care nothing. They will get, now that he is dead, about \$34,000.

Elisha Gray, now wealthy through the invention of electric instruments, used to be a very unsuccessful farmer at Oberlin, Ohio. He spent most of his time for several years in experimenting, and came to be regarded as a crank. His own family were inclined to take that view of him; and when one day he excitedly declared that he had devised "a self-adjusting helix," his unfinished wife hastily consulted with a physician about putting him under constraint.

We Are Never Undersold!

Remember that you will find the  
STYLES CORRECT,  
LARGEST ASSORTMENT,  
THE LOWEST PRICES,  
—AT—  
R. M. ROOT'S HAT, CAP,  
And Mens' Furnishing  
--- Store ---  
215 HIGH STREET, Pottstown, Pa.

LATEST BARGAINS  
in DRY GOODS at  
HOWARD LEOPOLD'S, Pottstown,  
—WE MEAN BUSINESS.—

NEW BLANKETS.  
New Gray Blankets per pair 85 cents.  
Large size Blankets per pair \$1.00.  
Nicer, Softer, more Wool, \$2.00 to \$3.00.  
Soft White Blankets per pair \$1.00.  
Heavier White Blankets per pair \$2.00.  
Extra Bargains at \$2.75 and \$3.75.  
Very Heavy at \$5.00 to \$6.50.  
Very Fine Lamb's Wool at \$8.00 to \$10.00.

DRESS GOODS.  
New Dress Cloths at 25 cents.  
Finer Quality of Cloths at 37½ cents.  
Extra Heavy Double Width 50 cents.  
Finer and Wider 75 cents.  
Heavier and Wider 85 cents.  
Finer, Heavier and Wider \$1.00.  
Handsome New Shades, Tricot Cloths, Fine.  
Quality New Ottoman Cloths, Extra fine Colored Cashmeres, worth \$1.00 for 87½ cents.  
Cashmeres in all colors, pure wool, genuine French, 50 cents.

Choice New Plaids at 25 cents.  
Handsome Styles, pure wool, double with, French Plaids, 75 cents.  
Very Fine and Rich styles, \$1.00

We keep a full line of Black Cashmeres which are known to be the BEST MADE IN THE WORLD. We receive them DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTERS, and cannot be undersold on them. They are heavy in weight, and have a certain peculiar fineness and toughness not to be recognized in other makes. Prices 50 cents to \$1.25.

BLACK SILKS.  
A bargain, (not warranted) at 62½ cents.  
Much better (no guarantee) was \$1.00, now 90 cents.

A good silk warranted not to cut, at \$1.00. Excellent qualities, in which the wear is guaranteed, at \$1.12½, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

These black silks have been well tested during the past few years, and in each case we rely on the manufacturers' guarantee and can make our customers perfectly safe in putting their money in them.

New Rhatzameres, Ottomans and Rhadame silks for suits, wraps or coats.

COLORED SILKS.  
Specially good quality for 75 cents.  
Heavier and wider, \$1.00 to \$1.25.

CLOAKING CLOTHS.  
We know we offer the Largest and Finest Variety of Cloths for Coats, in Pottstown.

We are making up our Winter Coats, and can show you a large assortment of new garments for Ladies and Children, in all prices from \$2.75 to \$50.00.

We have a few fine sample Coats and Russian Circulars, from the best New York Manufacturers. They are among the nicest Ready Made garments to be found, but a comparison with our OWN MAKE shows plainly the superiority of the WORKMANSHIP on ours over the CITY MADE goods.

Prices of Coats and Circulars are wonderfully low this season. The way to obtain a satisfactory Coat or Wrap, is to get it made to order at Howard Leopold's.

SPECIAL  
BARGAINS

—AT—  
Fenton Bros.,  
—S—  
DRY GOODS!

\* Extra heavy Canton Flannels \*  
\* 10 and 12 c. Muslins in all grades \*  
\* from 5 to 12 c. per yard. Remnants, \*  
\* calicoes from 5 to 15 yds. only 5 c. \*  
\* yd. An elegant all wool \*  
\* black cashmere 97 c. worth 75 c. \*  
\* Beautiful pattern of Turkey Red \*  
\* table linen only 45c. formerly 62c. \*  
\* Large stock of comfortable from \*  
\* \$1.00 to \$1.75. Pure Lamb's wool \*  
\* bed BLANKETS only \$4.65 per \*  
\* pair. Horse Blankets, from 75c. \*  
\* to 85c. "Knock 'em down" quilting \*  
\* cotton best in the market only 16c. \*  
\* lb. full weight. Ladies stylish felt \*  
\* skirts only 50c. satin quilted skirts \*  
\* only \$1. Full line of Ladies and \*  
\* Gents underwear from 25c. up, all \*  
\* wool red, medicated, reduced to \*  
\* \$1.25. Big drive in men's seamless \*  
\* half hose 2 pair for only 25c. actually \*  
\* worth 30c. per pair. Ladies \*  
\* all wool hose, in solid colors, only \*  
\* 12 1/2 c. per pair. Attractive lot of \*  
\* Ladies and Gents all linen hand- \*  
\* kerchiefs with borders, from 10 to \*  
\* 30c. Job lot of Fringed Huck \*  
\* Towels, all linen, only 25c. per \*  
\* pair. Cloths and cassimeres in \*  
\* latest styles. Full assortment of \*  
\* Latest City styles in Stiff Hats. \*  
\* Great variety of HATS & CAPS.

GROCERIES!

\* Best Granulated sugar, 7c. lb. \*  
\* Best Table Syrup, flavored, only \*  
\* 55c. per gal., pure sugar syrup \*  
\* for baking, 40c. per gal. New \*  
\* crop N. O. Molasses, 75c. per gal. \*  
\* Pure White Wine Vinegar, 24c. \*  
\* per gal. Extra large Mackerel, \*  
\* 14c. per lb. Baker's and Winslow's \*  
\* CORN, 3 cans 25c. Soused mack- \*  
\* erel, 25c. a can. Salmon, best 15c. \*  
\* can. Pure honey in jelly cups, \*  
\* only 15c. Extra fine evaporated \*  
\* peaches, 15c. per lb. Large sacks \*  
\* of Liverpool ground salt, only \$1. \*  
\* We make a specialty of Sapho \*  
\* Safety Oil, only 15c. per gal. Gi- \*  
\* rard, Allentown, and Lucas ready \*  
\* mixed PAINTS at lowest figures.

BOOTS AND SHOES

We have a large stock of Freed's men's boots and shoes. Boys' boots, Freed's make, only \$1.95. Men's boots, only \$2.45. Children's shoes, Freed's, \$1.25. Bargain in men's Slippers, \$1.12. We make a specialty of Ladies' fine dress shoes. An elegant assortment of Rubber Goods at rock bottom prices. Large selected stock of Queens and Glass ware, Wood and Willow ware, beautiful patterns of floor and table Oil Cloths, and latest styles of wall paper and borders at extremely low prices. Our stock of Hardware, Drugs, and Window glass is complete. An elegant double barrel English twist gun, only \$12. Horse power feed cutter—good as new—cheap.

FENTON BROS.,  
Collegeville, Pa.

PATENTS. ANDERSON & SMITH,  
Solicitors of U. S. and Foreign Patents, No. 700 Seventh Street, cor. G., opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. Correspondence solicited. No charge for advice. No fee charged unless Patent is allowed. References, Lewis Johnson & Co., Bankers, and Postmaster, Washington, D. C. Pamphlet of Instructions free.

MRS. E. D. LACHMAN,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.,  
Attends to laying out the dead, and shroud-making, as usual.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN,  
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN,  
IN PRICE MY ENTIRE STOCK, which comprises, in part a Fine Stock of  
SUITINGS and OVERCOATINGS

For Men and Boys. Staple DRY GOODS for Ladies. HOSIERY and GLOVES for all ages and sizes. BED BLANKETS at greatly Reduced Prices. A Complete Stock of Fine, and Coarse.

Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Boots and Shoes

For Men and Boys, in variety. RUBBER GOODS lower than ever and an Immense Stock to select from. HATS and CAPS. Always a full line of

FINE GROCERIES,

Canned Goods, Dried Fruits. Hardware, Paints, Oils, in variety. To realize the above facts you will call at the

PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE,  
AND BE CONVINCED BY YOURS, VERY TRULY,  
JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

HOLIDAY GIFTS. --- WATCHES ---  
JEWELRY,  
Silverware, Clocks, Spectacles.

WATCHES: A Large Stock of American Watches in both Gold and Silver cases, for Ladies and Gents. All prices.

JEWELRY: A Fine Selection of Diamonds, Pearls, Cameos. Rhine stones in Gold settings of all styles. SILVERWARE: Have just received a large stock of Silverware, Castors, Butter dishes, Pickle Castors, Spoon-holders, Celery-stands, Knives, Spoons and Forks of the best make, for wedding and Holiday Presents.

CLOCKS: Largest stock of Clocks in Montgomery County. All styles in Walnut, Ash, Mahogany, &c. Call and examine them. SPECTACLES: Spectacles and Eye-glasses in Gold, Silver and Steel Frames to suit everybody. We measure the eye with an Ophthalmeter and thoroughly understand the optical business.

J. D. SALLADE,  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

156 West Main Street,  
Norristown, Pa.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

--- KEYSTONE DRY GOODS STORE, ---

We offer at the KEYSTONE DRY GOODS STORE a large line of DRESS GOODS in Plaids and plain colors at prices which cannot be beaten. Also some special bargains in Ladies' Underwear. We have a Ladies' Merino Vest at 35 and 50 cents which in quality cannot be excelled at these prices. A large Assortment of

BLANKETS! BLANKETS!

at the lowest prices. Our Ladies' and Children's Coats are still selling rapidly. It has been the most successful coat season we have ever had. We are receiving new coats daily and will sell at the very lowest prices for the remainder of the season.

MORGAN WRIGHT,  
KEYSTONE DRY GOODS STORE,  
Main Street, Opp. Square, Norristown, Pa.

A CHANGE:  
The world is ever changing—from one season to another, and all the while the people are changing too; from bad to good, good to bad, bad to better, or from worse to worse still. But, we must change the subject. You purchase store goods, now and then? Certainly, you do! Well, the best quality of goods and the lowest prices can be had at G. F. Hunsicker's Store. Full stock of Fall and Winter Goods on hand. A good, wide, all-wool, black Cashmere at 50 cts. It is strictly all wool and cannot be beaten in the county. Dress Goods, 6 cents up. Ladies' and Children's Shoes in large assortment, very cheap. Freed's celebrated Men's Boots. Come and see our floor oil cloth—good stock on hand. Hose for men, women and children at greatly reduced prices. Men's red underwear, cheap. Bed Blankets, excellent quality, low prices. A nice line of stiff hats for fall and winter—our own make. Everything kept in a thoroughly stocked store at bottom prices. We want to merit your continued patronage by giving you the full worth of your money every time. We want to make quick sales and small profits, and we want to "live and let live," no matter who is President of the United States.  
G. F. HUNSICKER,  
Ironbridge P. O. Rahn Station, Pa.

GO TO THE  
COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE,

For Pure Drugs and Spices!

Culbert's Ague Pills will Cure your Malaria. Culbert's Liver Pills will Cure your Bilefousness, and Constipation.

CULBERT'S DIARRHOEA MIXTURE will cure your Diarrhoea and Dysentery. Patent Medicines of all kinds always on hand.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT, Druggist,

FOR SALE!

Brick Dwelling House and Saddle Shop in Graters Ford, Pa. Will be sold at a bargain, and on easy terms. Apply to A. D. FETTEROLF, Real Estate Agent and Conveyancer, Collegeville, Pa.

FOR RENT,

Large House, with 11 rooms, in Collegeville, For further particulars apply to A. D. FETTEROLF.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed! successful specialist. EASE at once. No operation or delay from business. Tested by hundreds of cures. Send for circular. Advice Free. au21-ly. 831 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortune await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUZ & Co., Augusta, Maine.



## Providence Independent.

Thursday, January 1, 1885.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

### PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk.....6.47 a. m.

Accommodation.....8.07 a. m.

Market.....1.35 p. m.

Accommodation.....4.42 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Mail.....7.17 a. m.

Accommodation.....9.14 a. m.

Market.....3.19 p. m.

Accommodation.....6.41 p. m.

SUNDAY—SOUTH.

Milk.....6.50 a. m.

Accommodation.....4.59 p. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation.....9.53 a. m.

Milk.....5.53 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks

### From Abroad.

—A happy New Year to all! May the year '85 deal gently, kindly, and prosperously with each and every reader of the INDEPENDENT.

—How did you spend Christmas day? You need not tell us if you don't care to.

—"Too bad! No skating,—and such splendid moonlight evenings!"

—A young lady and gentleman, of this vicinity, went up to Reading in a sleigh last Friday. They came home Monday evening. The going was over the snow—the coming back was through the mud. Altogether it was not a particularly enjoyable trip.

—J. G. T. Miller, carpenter and builder, inserts his business card in another column of this paper. Mr. Miller is an experienced and very efficient mechanic.

—Bell cords are no longer to be used on the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's passenger trains. Air tubes are to take their place.

—The Conshohocken Stone Quarry Company has stopped work for want of orders. This throws seventy-five men out of employment.

—It was with a keen sense of pleasure that we return thanks to our young friends, Messrs. H. L. Rosenberger and Al Major, of Florida, for several dozen insouciant oranges. They were sent to us through Mr. J. W. Rosenberger, of this township. We enjoyed the treat very much, and while we were in the act of "doing justice" to the fine fruit, we could not help but wish our good friends the compliments of the season. Our best wishes are theirs—in their sunny, southern home.

—The Ironbridge Hatters' Association, advertise elsewhere for fifteen hat trimmers. Here is a chance for young ladies who desire employment.

—Wholesale slaughter at Mingo. On Tuesday Wm. Mattis killed three mummeth porkers for Daniel Springer, weighing 502, 601 and 700 pounds, respectively. Total weight, 1803 lbs. A large pile of pork, surely.

—J. K. Harley, one of the professors of the Reading High School was in town on Monday and paid this office a pleasant visit.

—George Yahn, a Berks county octogenarian, has read through the Bible thirty-seven times.

—Edward Shuler, son of Director of the Poor, Daniel Shuler, of Norristown died Friday evening in an epileptic fit at the Hospital.

—A petrified human body has been found in a marsh in Fulton township, Lancaster county. A skull fracture indicates that it is that of a missing drover, supposed to have been murdered.

—The Smith family, the largest in the land, is represented in every profession and branch of business, but a careful search fails to disclose that any of the Smiths were ever members of the Montgomery county bar.

—No gliding across the Perkiomen on skates just now. Romeo will have to go the long way around instead of the short way across.

—It is said that in a meeting house, not many miles away, several ill mannered young men have been seen smoking during services. We would rather not believe the statement.

—The New Year brings joy to some; to others, sorrow; riches to a few, and poverty to many. Such is the drama we call life!

—Allentown has passed an ordinance taxing skating rinks \$50 a year, with

a special additional tax for any attraction at the rink other than skating. Base ball clubs will be taxed \$5 a game.

—Norristown is to have a social science and labor club.

—Young man (after a long interval of silence): "A penny for you thoughts Miss Clara." Miss Clara (suppressing a yawn): "I was wondering if that clock isn't slow. It seems later than midnight." He left without giving her the penny.—N. Y. Sun.

—Mr. Nathaniel Metz, foreman of Messrs. Heebner & Sons' Agricultural Works at Lansdale, was in town yesterday and paid this office a friendly visit. Mr. Metz has won an enviable reputation as a master mechanic. He's an old school chum of ours and we, naturally, take pleasure in noting his successful career.

Jonas Bowman, proprietor of Prospect Terrace, the well known summer resort, this place, is having erected a large addition to the main building. J. G. T. Miller, of Trappe, is doing the carpenter work.

Dr. W. T. Robinson, editor and proprietor of the Hattboro Public Spirit will be married on January 5th, to Mrs. Elizabeth M. Painter of Philadelphia, sister of Wm. M. Singler, Esq.

William Lorenz, Chief Engineer of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, died suddenly of heart disease while seated at the dinner table at his home at Chestnut Hill, on Thursday, aged 58 years. He had been troubled more or less for several years past with an affection of the heart.

Mr. S. T. S. Wagner, will quit the Worrall mill property, this place, about the first of next April, having rented a large mill, with all the latest improvements, in Lehigh county, about six miles north of Allentown. Mr. Wagner has proved himself to be a good business man, and we venture to predict that success will attend him up in Lehigh.

The stillness of an average Sunday pervaded this community on Christmas day. The previous fall of snow was taken advantage of by a number of sleighers, although the extremely cold weather prevented many from airing themselves. So far as we are advised everybody about here had enough to eat and drink, and everybody seemed to be just merry enough, and if there were any who were too merry they probably felt the worse for it next day.

The Norristown Register has been sued for criminal libel by Isaac Chism, a prominent member of the Law and Order Society. The publisher, Albrecht Kneule was served on Tuesday with a capias and entered bail for his appearance at the next court of Quarter Sessions. We are not advised as to the cause of the libel suit, or just what the Register said to wound the feelings of Mr. Chism. Perhaps we shall know more about it "bimeby."

### Stock Sales.

H. Allebach will sell another lot of York county cows at Perkiomen Bridge next Monday afternoon.

A Berntheiser will sell a lot of Lebanon county fresh cows at Reiff's hotel Rahn Station, Thursday Jan. 8.

### Horse's Leg Broken.

Last Saturday morning Faldine Wyman and William Stong, employed at Richards' bakery, this place, hired the bay mare Nell and a sleigh of Captain H. H. Fetterolf and drove to Pottstown. While near the Reading depot at that place, the animal became frightened and ran away, upsetting the sleigh and throwing the occupants out. Running towards High street the mare struck one of her hind feet into a drain pipe and fell, breaking the leg badly. Captain Fetterolf was telegraphed for and upon his arrival at Pottstown he ordered the mare to be killed. His loss is about \$125.

### Death of Benj. C. Krause.

Benjamin C. Krause, Director of the Poor-elect, died at his residence, Limerick Square, on Tuesday, aged about 56 years. The cause of his death was a disease of the stomach. He was taken suddenly ill last week. Mr. Krause was elected Director of the Poor on the Republican ticket last fall, and had he lived would have become a member of the Board of Directors on Monday next, January 3. His death is sorely regretted by a large circle of friends. The funeral will take place next Saturday morning, January 3. Interment at Swamp cemetery.

The Dairywomen's Milk Association of the Schuylkill Valley, held its regular meeting at the Phoenix Hotel, Phoenixville, on Saturday afternoon last. The agent of the association, Mr. Thomas P. Walker, made his report from which it appears that during the preceding month he had handled 214,889 quarts of milk and had collected during the same time \$8,595.56. A number of new members had been added to the association during the month. From this and the reports of the various committees it shows that the association is in a most flourishing condition. The next meeting of the association will be held in Norristown.

This is a free country! sure, but you can't get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup free of charge, it costs you a quarter every time.

For lung and liver diseases, measles and cholera give your hogs Day's horse and cattle powder. It is the standard remedy. Price 25 cents per package of one pound full weight.

A brutal fight occurred at the corner of DeKalb and Airy streets, Norristown, on Christmas day between two characters named Jackson and Smith. Jackson was badly punished. Although they fought fifteen minutes no arrests were made, and there were no police in sight. It is presumed the members of the Law and Order Society were battling with barber poles and stuffed turkeys at the time of the occurrence.

The largest stationary engine in the world is at the famous zinc mines at Friedensville, Pa. It is known as the "President," and there is no pumping engine in the world that can be compared with the monster. The number of gallons of water raised every minute is 17,500. The driving wheels are thirty-five feet in diameter and weigh forty tons each. The sweep rod is forty feet long, the cylinder 110 inches in diameter and the piston-rod eighteen inches in diameter with a ten-foot stroke.

### Strohl's Concert Company.

W. E. Strohl's popular Concert Company will give a first-class musical entertainment in Masonic Hall, Trappe, next Saturday evening, January 3. W. E. Strohl is a member of the widely known Strohl Family. The entertainment will be no doubt prove to be an excellent one throughout, and no one who admires good vocal and instrumental music can afford to miss the coming concert. Admission, 25 cents.

### Perkiomen Bridge Hotel Sold.

The announcement, the latter part of last week, that the Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, this place, had been sold, caused considerable surprise. This well known hotel belonged to the estate of Judge Henry Longaker, dec'd, and had been held in the Longaker name for many years. For several years past it has been leased and kept by J. W. S. Gross, who, by common consent, is one of the best and most popular landlords in this section of the State. The purchaser is Henry Alderfer, who now resides near Creamery, Perkiomen township. Price, \$13,000. Mr. Alderfer expects to take charge of the premises and conduct the hotel business about the first of April next.

### From Our Trappe Correspondent.

The Christmas of '84 is among the events of the past. It was spent here in a merry way in general. The good sleighing was enjoyed by many, the school-boy took advantage of his vacation and "coasted." Christmas trees handsomely decorated, graced the windows of quite a number of residences, and the various Sunday Schools held their Christmas Festivals—sources of no little enjoyment. The first of these was held by the Lutheran Sunday School on Christmas Eve. The program consisted mainly of music, responsive readings, and exercises by the infant class. The music by the Choral Union under the direction of Prof. A. Rambo deserves much commendation. The Choral Union was aided by Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Shaffer, of Philadelphia. The St. Luke's Reformed Sunday School held their Festival on Christmas night. Addresses were made by Rev. J. A. Bomberger, and by the pastor Rev. H. T. Spangler; Rev. J. H. Hendricks read a portion of Scripture. The choir under the leadership of H. W. Kratz, Esq., rendered excellent music. The church was ornamented with greens there being a large Christmas tree, and a beautiful arch of green overhanging the altar. The pupils received valuable books as Christmas gifts. The pastor Rev. H. T. Spangler, was the recipient of a valuable gift in the shape of a beautiful sleigh, for which he thanked the donors in a very neat and characteristic speech.

The primary school closed before Christmas and will not open until January 5. The Grammar School is continuing during the holidays.

At this writing quite a number of citizens are busily engaged in filling their ice houses, the warm weather however threatens to shorten the present ice harvest.

The Y. C. P. A., of St. Luke's Reformed church held a very interesting meeting on Sunday evening last for the benefit of the Orphan's Home.

The Lyceum connected with the Lutheran church held their meeting on Monday evening last. The following program was well rendered:—Instrumental music, Cora Rambo and D. L. Rambo; Oration: The Object of Life, C. H. Detwiler; Recitation: The Maiden and the Year, L. Verne Gaster; Music: The Wee Bird, Misses Plank; Recitation: Dolly's Christmas, Anna K. Shupe; Music, Will May, by two small girls; Recitation: What they Prayed for, Cora Hoyer; Music, Why are Red Roses Red? D. L. & Cora Rambo; Select Reading, Membranous croup and the McWilliamses, Mrs. Jenne Bean.

A Happy New Year to the INDEPENDENT and its many readers.

### OUR NORRISTOWN LETTER.

NORRISTOWN, DEC. 29, 1884

It is midway between Christmas and New Year and we are in the midst of the holiday season. It is therefore appropriate to express a hope that all the readers of the PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT have had a joyous Christmas, and will have not only a happy new year but a thriving, prosperous one as well. Christmas day in Norristown was truly a joyous, merry occasion. Union services were conducted in several of the churches and the Sunday School festivities mentioned in my last letter, all came off very satisfactorily. The scholars received candies and other gifts, and pastors, superintendents and teachers were nearly all kindly remembered in some way or other. For amusement there was the skating rink the Humane Fire Engine Company's fair, sleighing and sledging, not to

mention the shooting matches, raffles, etc. The skating rink and fair were very well attended both being crowded in the afternoon and evening. The streets were in excellent condition for sleighing and it seemed that almost every one who could get a team was out. Our boys and girls, if not found at the rink or fair were sure to be seen on one of the hills keenly enjoying the exhilarating, healthy and yet dangerous exercise of sledging. For a wonder no accidents from this spot have yet been reported. The thaw of yesterday and to-day have stopped sleighing and sledging for the present. Just now the streets and pavements are in a horrible condition—slushy, sloppy and dirty. You can hardly walk a square without stepping on a loose brick and splashing yourself, with dirty water, or in crossing the streets, getting your shoes covered with slush and mud. Cold weather will improve it but then the risk of life and limb from the ice is appalling to all who are in the least timid or shaky upon their feet.

The Christmas music in our churches was generally given yesterday, every church having a program specially prepared for the occasion. At St. John's P. E. Church, Rev. Isaac Gibson rector published program was fully carried out. The music was of the highest order and rendered in a most impressive manner. The solos of the different members of the choir called forth great admiration. The grand organ voluntary and skillful accompaniments of the organist, Mr. Elwood Beaver, added greatly to the charm of the service. The choir of the Lutheran Church of the Trinity, under the efficient leadership of Miss Besse McCarter also rendered excellent music. Among their selections were, "Hark! What mean those Heavenly voices?" "There were Shepherds," and "Brightest and Best."

This week we have to chronicle an unusual number of sudden and violent deaths, all were directly or indirectly caused by the demon "drink"—a Christmas celebration on the part of several with consequences which it will take a lifetime to efface from memory. About noon on Friday Mrs. Kate Lannan, aged forty-eight years, and residing in Mogetown, just below Norristown, died under circumstances which point to a probable murder. A coroner's inquest was held and a verdict of death from exposure and abuse rendered, but the responsibility of her death has not yet been fastened upon any one. It seems that on Christmas both she and her husband were drinking freely, and later in the day she went to the house of a daughter and complained that her husband had been kicking and abusing her. She then went to the house and stayed there all night. In the morning her daughter found her in bed drenched with cold water and shivering from the cold. She was all black in the face and said that Lanna had been killing her. Afterwards Dr. Charles Bradley was called in but he could not do anything to save her life. At the time of writing Lanna has not been arrested although he can easily be found at any time.

On Friday evening Mrs. Emma Rogers, living on Airy street this borough died in a very singular manner. She was stout and apparently in good health, but had long suffered from nervousness. On Christmas a drunken man created a disturbance in the neighborhood and the noise affected her so that she had a number of fainting fits and died about two hours after her fright. She was quite well endowed with this world's goods.

We have a man confined in the county jail who on Christmas morning committed a crime which showed him to be more of a brute than a man. His name is Andrew Shiels and he has been living at Jarretstown. On Christmas he became drunk and going to his home dragged his sick wife out of bed and then by his brutal conduct caused her death. Several children very sick with the scarlet fever were also in the house. LEE.

### MARRIAGES.

Dec. 25, '84, at the home of the groom's father by Rev. O. P. Smith, Mr. Jacob E. Saylor and Miss Lizzie A. Binder, both of Limerick, Montg. Co., Pa.

Dec. 25, 1884, at the bride's home, by Rev. H. T. Spangler, Mr. Harry R. Thomas, of Mingo, and Miss Kate Kepler, of Crooked Hill, this county.

### FOR THE BEST!!

HARD WHITE ASH COAL,

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,

LINSEED MEAL,

BRAN,

CHOP CORN,

CORN & OATS,

MIDDLEINGS &c., &c.

GO TO

F. W. Wetherill,

ARCOLA MILLS.

### FOR RENT.

Several Tenements, in Collegeville. Apply to J. W. SUNDERLAND.

### WANTED.

FIFTEEN TRIMMERS at the Ironbridge Hat Factory, Rahn Station, Pa. Apply at the office of the Ironbridge Hatters' Association.

J. G. T. MILLER.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

TRAPPE, PA.

Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan. 1, '85, f.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of Andrew Heyser, late of Perkiomen Montgomery County, deceased. Letters of Administration on the above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims to present the same without delay to

SAMUEL C. HESER, Esq., Collegeville, P. O.

ENOS H. DETWILER, Iron Bridge, P. O.

Administrators.

### Philadelphia Produce Market.

FLOUR.

Pennsylvania Extra Family 3 25 @ 3 50

Western Extra 2 75 @ 3 25

Rye Flour 3 50 @ 3 50

GRAIN.

New Red Wheat @ 87 1/2

Corn 40 1/2 @ 45

Oats 34 1/2 @ 34 1/2

Rye 65 @ 65

SEEDS.

Clover 7 1/2 @ 8

Timothy 1 45 @ 1 45

PROVISIONS.

Mess Pork 13 00 @ 13 50

Dried Beef 15 00 @ 16 00

Beef Hams 15 00 @ 20 00

Hams 11 00 @ 12

Sides 9 1/2 @ 10

Shoulders 7 1/2 @ 8

Pickled Shoulders 6 1/2 @ 8 00

Lard @ 8 00

### Philadelphia Hay Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27, 1884.

Prime Timothy Hay per 100 pounds 95 @ 1 05

Mixed 1 00 @ 1 00

Straw per 100 pounds, 1 00 @ 1 10

### FOR RENT.

Water Power Grist and Flour Mill. Plenty of power, plenty of business. Near R. R. Station. Address, WATER POWER, Pawling P. O., Pa.

### PUBLIC SALE OF

BANK STOCK!

Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1885, at the Washington House Philadelphia 50 shares of Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Philadelphia. Conditions: 90 days credit. Sale at 11 o'clock a. m.

MARY M. THOMAS & HENRY R. THOMAS, Executors of Estate of Abel Thomas, dec'd. J. G. Fetterolf, auctioneer.

### PUBLIC SALE OF

Creamery Stock!

The following stock in the Evansburg Dairy-men's Creamery Association will be sold at public sale on THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1885, at 9 o'clock, a. m., at the Creamery's Office in Lower Providence Township, Montgomery county, for delinquent taxes for 1884.

John R. Thomas, 30 Shares,

Wm. S. Bortz, 10

Isaac A. Landis, 10

Anderson Kiser, 5

Also 5 shares belonging to Mrs. Jane Evans to be sold free of tax.

M. C. RAMBO, Treasurer.

### FIRE. FIRE.

NOTICE.—The members of the Union Mutual Fire and Storm Insurance Co. of Montgomery county, are hereby notified that a contribution was levied on Dec. 1st, 1884, of One Dollar on each One Thousand Dollars for which they are insured, and that Henry Fleck, Treasurer of said Company, will attend at the Office of the Company, Swede Street, opposite the Court House, in the Borough of Norristown, from this date, December 28, 1884, to receive said assessments. Any member failing to pay his or her Assessment or Tax within 40 days after the above publication shall forfeit and pay for such neglect double such rates, and in case default is made 50 days after the expiration of the 40 days aforesaid, such defaulting member may be at the option of the Board of Managers, excluded from all benefits under the Policies, and yet be held liable for all past Taxes and Penalties. Persons sending money by mail must accompany it with postage for return of a receipt.

HENRY FLECK, Treasurer.

### J. H. KROUT,

CIGAR MANUFACTURER

—TRAPPE, PA.—

### FOR THE BEST!!

HARD WHITE ASH COAL,

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,

LINSEED MEAL,

BRAN,

CHOP CORN,

CORN & OATS,

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Administrators.

### Philadelpha Papers:

DAILY:

Inquirer, per month, 50 cents.

Ledger, " " 50 "

North American, per month, 25 "

Press, " " 50 "

Record, " " 50 "

Times, " " 50 "

Weekly Press, \$1 per year. Orders taken for all Philadelphia and New York papers, magazines, Fashion monthlies and quarterlies, comic papers, &c. Now is the time to hand in your orders.

### Henry Yost, Newsdealer,

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

### PIANOS

Tuned. Pianos, organs, and all other musical instruments repaired in a satisfactory manner. Also Teacher of music.

FREDERICK LEITSCH,

Grater's Ford, Pa.

### P



J. W. ROYER, M. D.  
Practising Physician,  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic  
Hall.  
M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,  
Practising Physician,  
EVANSBURG, PA.  
Office Hours:—8 to 10 a. m. 2 to 4, p. m. 7 to 9  
p. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.  
Office Hours: { Till 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m.  
After 6 p. m.  
Special attention given to diseases of the  
eye and ear. Free clinic every Thursday morn-  
ing from 8 to 12 for eye and ear diseases.

DR. B. F. PLACE,  
**DENTIST**!!  
30 E. Airy Street, (Opposite Veranda House)  
NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGE-  
VILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.

F. G. HOBSON,  
**Attorney-at-Law,**  
Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa.  
Can be seen every evening at his residence in  
Freehold.

A. D. FETTEROLF,  
**Justice of the Peace**  
CONVEYANCER and General Business Agent.  
Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.  
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa.  
Regular office days:—Monday and Thursday of  
each week; also every evening.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY.  
(½ mile north of Trappe.)  
**Surveyor and Conveyancer**  
Sales clerk; sale bills prepared. Orders by  
mail will receive prompt attention.  
Nov-8m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

C. H. DETWILER.  
**Surveyor and Conveyancer**  
Also LEVELING and GRADING.  
IRON BRIDGE, P. O.  
Rahn Station, Montg. County, Pa. Sept 13yr.

J. P. KOONS,  
**Practical Slater**!!  
RAHN'S STATION, Pa.  
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flag-  
ging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estima-  
tes, and prices.

H. H. ELLIS  
**Carpenter and Millwright,**  
GRATER'S FORD, PA.  
Estimates made for work and contracts taken.  
All work promptly done in a satisfactory manner.  
450-470.

EDWARD DAVID,  
**PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,**  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.  
Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind  
of work in the line of painting, graining, and  
paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheer-  
fully furnished upon application.

JOHN MILLER,  
**TAILOR.**  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Suits cut and made to order in accordance with  
latest styles, or in any style that may be desired.  
Fits guaranteed. Good work. Reasonable prices.  
SAMUEL P. SHANTZ.

**Carpenter and Builder.**  
RAHN STATION, PA.  
Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work.  
No pains spared to give satisfaction.

**SUNDAY PAPERS.**  
The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will  
be delivered to those wishing to purchase along  
the line of Collegeville, Freehold and Trappe,  
every Sunday morning.

ews Agent,  
**HENRY YOST,**  
Collegeville.

W. H. RINGLER,  
**Practical Horse Shoer,**  
One mile east of TRAPPE, Pa. All kinds of  
blacksmith work done in a satisfactory manner.

M. N. BARNDT,  
**Rahn Station, Ironbridge P. O. Pa.,**  
Is prepared to sharpen Mill Picks and facing  
hammers, and all kinds of edge tools. Always  
on hand new mill picks and facing hammers.  
Mowing machines and Sewing machines repaired.  
Lowest cash prices. 461-487.

**COAL!**  
I am prepared to sell at my Fertilizing Works,  
near Limerick Station, First-class Coal from 35  
to 50 cents less per ton gross weight, than it can  
be bought elsewhere, and I am prepared to de-  
liver the same, if required.  
JACOB TRINLEY.

**PIANOS**  
Tuned. Pianos, organs, and all other musical  
instruments repaired in a satisfactory manner.  
Also Teacher of music.  
FREDERICK LEITCH,  
Grater's Ford, Pa.

**North Wales Academy**  
—AND—  
**SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.**

THE FIRST TERM OF THE FIFTEENTH  
YEAR WILL OPEN  
Monday, September 8, 1884.  
Thorough Preparation for College, Business, or  
Teaching. Teachers of experience, and all of  
whom are graduates. Moderate terms. Send  
for our new catalogues.  
S. U. BRUNER, Principal.

## Agriculture and Science.

### COMMISSIONER LORING ON PLEURO-PNEUMONIA

In the course of an address before  
the National Association of Stockmen  
at Chicago, last month, the Hon. Geo.  
B. Loring, United States Commissioner  
of Agriculture, spoke as follows, con-  
cerning the existence of pleuro-pneu-  
monia among the cattle of this country,  
and the attitude of the Department of  
Agriculture towards the disease. He  
said:—

Experiments have been instituted in  
Washington in order to test the con-  
tagiousness of a lung disease prevail-  
ing in the district, supposed to be  
pleuro-pneumonia. Fifteen animals  
were exposed in close confinement at  
different times with this prevalent lung  
disease, and none of them were attack-  
ed with the disease to which they were  
thus exposed. Later, four cows, in  
very poor condition, were placed in the  
same confinement, and were attacked  
with disease, two after a month's ex-  
posure, and two after exposure of two  
months. One of these animals was  
fatally ill—the remaining three were  
recovering when slaughtered.

Experiments similar to these have  
been commenced in New York, a stable  
having been erected for the purpose on  
Barren Island. Eighteen cows, sixteen  
of which were from Canada, where  
pleuro-pneumonia does not exist, were  
selected for their healthfulness and  
fine condition, and placed in the stables  
about the middle of September, in con-  
tact with three or four animals affected  
with the disease. In the latter part of  
October three or four of the cows thus  
exposed were found to have symp-  
toms of pleuro-pneumonia, and when  
slaughtered proved to be characteris-  
tic cases. The disease extended  
through a large portion of the lungs in  
each animal. Other animals now show  
symptoms of the disease.

The unexpected appearance of pleu-  
ro-pneumonia in the Western States in  
August last attracted universal atten-  
tion and created great alarm among all  
who are interested in the cattle industry  
of that section of the country. The  
disease seems to have been discovered  
in a herd of cattle in Elmhurst, near  
Chicago, and on tracing its origin  
eight herds were found to be infected,  
all but one of which were clearly con-  
nected by the interchange of cattle.

Two of these were in Ohio, one in  
Kentucky, and five in Illinois. The  
number of animals exposed was 625,  
101 of which have contracted the dis-  
ease.  
A prompt and thorough investiga-  
tion of the disease by Prof. Salmon,  
assisted by some of the most experi-  
enced and reliable veterinary surgeons  
in the infected region, convinced those  
engaged in the transportation of cat-  
tle, that unusual care should be exer-  
cised in this business, and induced  
those engaged in cattle breeding and  
feeding, to guard with great diligence  
against the exposure of their herds, by  
purchase or exchange. The interest-  
ing fact that the disease was confined  
to herds of Jerseys alone, rendered the  
designs of those two classes of dealers  
easy of accomplishment—the Jerseys,  
not entering into the general cattle  
traffic of the country, and their pur-  
chase and exchange being confined to  
much narrower limits than that of the  
beef-producing breeds, which consti-  
tute the great bulk of our transported  
cattle, and their breeding being carried  
on for the production of dairy cows  
alone, whose business does not require  
great herds or a wide range. We may  
congratulate ourselves, therefore, that  
this insidious disease has not made its  
appearance among the herds devoted  
to the production of beef.

The Shorthorns and Herefords and  
Galloways and Polled Angus cattle  
have thus far escaped, and I have no  
doubt that the appearance of the dis-  
ease in herds and breeds of less general  
demand has acted as a warning which  
will increase the careful work of pre-  
venting in every way the spread of the  
disease. Pleuro-pneumonia is an insidi-  
ous and lurking disease. It may re-  
main a long time in a given locality  
without extending and without warn-  
ing steal forth on its march of destruction.

But it can always be isolated and ex-  
terminated by proper measures. Time  
and again has it been driven from Hol-  
land by these measures. It was once re-  
moved in this way from Australia. It  
has been repeatedly removed or re-  
duced to a bare existence in England.  
Twenty-four years ago it was distinctly  
planted in eastern to central Massa-  
chusetts, and was extirpated, never  
thus far, to return. It is now isolated  
in the West. Intercourse with the in-  
fected herds to which I have referred  
has been cut off, fatally diseased ani-  
mals are dying in their isolation, and  
time is gradually restoring those at-  
tacked in a mild form. The danger  
still exists, it is true. But recogniz-  
ing the fact that the contagion will ul-  
timately die out, it is only necessary  
to continue the isolation long enough  
and the present danger is over. I  
think you will all agree with me that

every agency, State and National,  
which can accomplish this object should  
be carried out. A threatening danger  
like this must inevitably discourage the  
breeder; it must annoy the feeder, and  
it must of necessity interfere with that  
traffic which has become of vast im-  
portance to the carriers, the home con-  
sumers, and the foreign market. Who-  
ever is interested in American cattle is  
interested also in the security of the  
cattle business on this continent, and  
in the reputation of American cattle  
and beef, and he must feel the impor-  
tance of protecting our herds against  
all approach of disease. And know-  
ing that this has been and can be done,  
we have only to unite in one effort to  
accomplish so desirable an object.

The ninth annual show of the British  
Dairy Farmers' Association, recently  
held in London, is pronounced the  
most successful yet held by the society.  
The chief feature of these shows is the  
display of dairy cattle. Jerseys and  
Shorthorns were in the largest number  
and the Shorthorns seem to have been  
most favorably regarded. In the  
milking test, in which quantity and  
quality of milk, as well as time since  
calving, were considered, the champion  
prize was given to a Shorthorn cow  
not eligible to record giving 51 lbs of  
milk in one day—having calved May 3  
last. Another Shorthorn cow gave  
44½ lbs. of milk. The prize Jerseys  
gave 20½ and 36½ lbs. A Welsh cow  
gave 46 lbs. The largest quantity  
given was 62 lbs., by a Dutch cow, re-  
cently shown at Amsterdam. The low  
percentage of fat in her milk prevented  
her taking a prize in this test. The  
Agricultural Gazette reporter is en-  
thusiastic in his praise of the class of  
forty-five unregistered Shorthorn cows,  
all of which might have been highly  
commended.

It is a misconception to regard the  
wife as a beneficiary or dependent of  
the husband, or to regard the money  
he gives her as a gift, for which she  
ought to be grateful. In spending it  
she spends only what is her own; for  
the woman who faithfully discharges  
the duties of a wife and mother, does  
her full half of the joint work of man  
and wife, though she actually brings in  
no money.

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